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Here, again, we think he shows a want of perspective. He draws his reasoning from a national experience very different from our own. In its voyage across the Atlantic, free-trade, like some light wines, loses much of its flavor. The question is not one of principles, but of applications. Free-trade is doubtless a tendency of civilization; but so also are homogeneous political and social institutions. We have at this moment perfect free-trade in the United States, and that over a territory vastly greater than that controlled by Great Britain. We, and not England, are the great free-traders of the world, and we practise free-trade under conditions on which it is alone possible with perfect equality and justice to all concerned. With a territory ample enough to furnish most of the needed natural products, with a population large enough to consume the bulk of our productions on our own soil, and with a political society in which the laborer is a citizen to be educated and respected, and not a machine to be worn out and driven from the parish, with great and increasing facilities for intercourse and exchange over a continent, we are in a position to practise the truest commercial freedom, without putting those advantages which we believe are peculiarly our own into common stock with the evils which belong to unwise and effete social and political systems.

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7.— *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER. With Maps, &c. London and Philadelphia. 1866. 8vo. pp. xxvi., 509.

As the last, in some respects the most important, and certainly the most entertaining volume on the discovery of the Nile, the recent narrative of Mr. Baker demands a fuller notice than we have been able to give to the other works of a similar character referred to in our article on the Sources of the Nile.

The great discovery of a second equatorial lake, from which the Nile is fed, has been already briefly described, but there are many other incidents of Baker's expedition, which are well worth attention. His observations on the character and habits of the rude aborigines through whose dominions he passed are especially curious and instructive. Probably the known world does not contain tribes of a lower grade, more nearly allied to ignorant brutes, than some of the people with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Baker, now Sir Samuel W. Baker (so entitled because of his great discoveries), is an English engineer, whose life has been full of adventure and exploits in various portions of the globe. Eight years

were spent in the island of Ceylon, where he found abundant opportunities to exercise his love of hunting on such royal game as the elephant, and where he trained himself effectively for his later achievements. He is not the first of Queen Victoria's subjects who has found her Majesty's Indian empire a sort of high-school for explorers and adventurers. Two printed volumes, "*The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon*" and "*Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon*," first introduced Mr. Baker to the literary world as an author. Subsequently he was employed in constructing the railroad which connects the Lower Danube and the Black Sea, in the Turkish province of Dobrudscha.

His African researches occupied him for nearly five years. Through all this last experience he was attended by his wife, to whose tact he was more than once indebted for preserving his life when exposed to savage violence, and to whose care he probably owed his delivery from an alarming illness. "Gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home, instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa," he remarks at the beginning of his narrative; "it was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be." She was resolved to go too, and, like Ruth, exclaimed, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee." When they returned safe and sound together, she is thus referred to as the companion in his great discoveries. The past appeared like a dream. "It was no dream," says Baker; "a witness sat before me; a face still young, but bronzed like an Arab with years of exposure to a burning sun; haggard and worn with toil and sickness, and shaded with cares happily now past, — the devoted companion of my pilgrimage to whom I owed success and life, — my wife."

There is little that is new or important in their observations on the Lower Nile, which they began to ascend in April, 1861. Even Khartoum, at the junction of the Blue and White rivers, that "most miserable, filthy, and unhealthy spot," inhabited by thirty thousand forlorn people from all the Eastern nationalities and by about thirty European traders, is already well known to us. But one feature of the "commerce" of the place is pictured by Baker in hideous outlines, — the Soudan slave-trade, which has its centre here. Gum arabic and ivory have some importance as articles of traffic, but the great "staple" consists of the ignorant and wretched human beings, who are annually caught like so many animals by "traders," or more truly by hunters, going out from Khartoum to the regions of the White Nile, and returning with their helpless captives, who are soon distributed all over the slave-dealing East. It is no wonder that, with such an impression as is thus received

of the outside world, the inside savages are suspicious of an explorer's party, and readily place all possible obstacles in his way.

Leaving Khartoum with a party of ninety and more attendants as boat-crews and escort, most of them "miserable cut-throats," accustomed to murder and pillage, and now excited, not by love of adventure, but by desire for plunder, the Bakers set sail with their river fleet of three small vessels.

In about three weeks the mouth of the Bahr el Gazal, or Gazelle branch of the White Nile, was reached, — a marshy, lake-like body of water, which might have been taken for an overflow of the Nile had not its river character been already known. The White Nile appeared like a veritable "Styx." Innumerable windings, head winds, dead calms, a rapid current above Bahr el Gazal, marshy margins, and numberless mosquitoes, were among the obstacles to progress. The Catholic mission of St. Croix was the first point of interest which the travellers reached, — the seat of a fruitless effort to teach stark-naked, smeared beings, who seemed to the priest even worse than brutes, because the latter show some affection, while the human creatures are utterly without it. Not one convert has been made.

In forty-six days from Khartoum, the settlement of Gondokoro was reached ( $4^{\circ} 55' N.$  lat.,  $31^{\circ} 46' E.$  long.), an abandoned post of the Austrian mission, now occupied by the ivory-traders during two months of the year, and afterwards deserted. The neighboring region looks attractive compared with the morasses below; distant mountains appear; and although the thermometer showed from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$  Fahr. in the shade at noon, the travellers and their cattle all rejoiced in gaining this pasture spot. The river voyage was ended.

"Gondokoro," says Baker, "was a perfect hell," — as much worse than Khartoum as that place is worse than the rest of the world. No law or authority is recognized by anybody, natives or traders, but the law of brute force. Here the slave parties rally before descending to the market below.

We believe Captain Baker is mistaken in his statement that one of these cruel traders "was a Copt, the father of the American Consul at Khartoum." The official list of American Consuls for 1861 does not contain the name of a consul at Khartoum. Captain Baker says further that he saw "the vessel full of brigands arrive at Gondokoro, with the American flag flying at the mast-head." We confess that this statement confounds us. We hope it relates only to such an abuse of our flag as any government is exposed to.

The travellers left Gondokoro in the end of March, 1863, — nearly two months after their arrival. Meanwhile Speke and Grant had

arrived from the south, with the story of their great success, and had shown to Baker the task which was open to him, and had satisfied his inquiry, "Does not one leaf of the laurel remain for me?"

A short distance to the southeast of Gondokoro, Baker came upon the Latooka people, a race far superior to those through whose territory he had been passing. From 12° North to 4° 30' South, he had discovered no specific difference among the naked, brutal, and degraded negroes; but these Latookas he describes as comparatively a fine, frank, and warlike race, far better than the other tribes he met, and yet sufficiently annoying. Their women are regarded with some consideration. But even with these people the one idea is power. There is among them neither gratitude, pity, love, duty, nor religion. All are envious, idle, overbearing thieves.

Looking back upon his acquaintance with the Africans, the author concludes that, bad as they are, they are not as bad as white men would be under similar circumstances. "How long," he pertinently asks, "is it since America and we ourselves [the British] ceased to be slaveholders?" He insists that slavery is an original African usage, not a custom imposed by or derived from Europeans. He insists, with a prejudice akin to that which upholds Governor Eyre, that the negro will only copy the vices, not the virtues, of civilization, and that as soon as he is free he becomes a useless burden to the community. The pages at the beginning of Chapter VIII., where these sentiments are expanded, are a dark blot upon a record of heroic adventure.

In the next country south of the Latookas, — Obbo, — our travellers were detained for months by fever which threatened both their lives.

At length, as they drew near the lakes, they came upon people who had derived from Speke and Grant favorable impressions of European travellers, and some information was gathered, though unsatisfactory and fragmentary, in respect to the equatorial geography.

On the 14th of March, 1864, one year after leaving Gondokoro, after sickness, starvation, disappointment, and fatigue, on a bright clear morning, "the glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay the grand expanse of water." It was the lake which Speke had spoken of, the Luta Nzige, or M'wootan Nzige of the natives, the Albert Nyanza as the successful travellers christened it. Viewed as Baker first saw it from a cliff, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the water, the lake appeared situated in a vast depression below the general level of the country, and bounded on the west and southwest by ranges of mountains five thousand to seven thousand feet high. Further investigation showed that into this lake there came a stream from the Victoria Nyanza, and that out of the second "vast

rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant at its birth." The necessity of returning soon to England, or else of waiting another year in that wretched land (because the boats descend from Gondokoro only at one season), prevented a thorough investigation of the surroundings of the lake. A boat-trip, lasting thirteen days, among the hippopotami and crocodiles, brought the travellers near to the northern outlet, and also revealed the entrance of the Victoria Nile, or Somerset River, which was supposed to descend from the other lake. Here it was a problem with Baker whether to descend the main stream or ascend the tributary, but he concluded it would be more instructive to do the latter. Pursuing this stream toward the east, he soon came upon a magnificent waterfall, one hundred and twenty feet in height, to which he gave the name of Murchison. Taking various measurements of altitude and distance, which are exhibited on the map, the homeward route began, and, after new chapters of suffering and disappointment, once more the Gondokoro settlement was reached. Thus terminated the peculiar dangers of this remarkable exploration.

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8. — *Observations on the Authenticity of the Gospels.* By a Layman. Boston : Nichols and Noyes. 1867.

THIS interesting little volume of a hundred pages is written by a Swedenborgian, evidently also a lawyer, although it is plain that he is not Professor Parsons, the well-known author of the "Essays." It is the reproduction, with some changes, of an article recently printed in "The New Jerusalem Magazine," — as a review, we believe, of Professor Fisher's "Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity." The author writes with vigor and clearness. After some trenchant criticisms on the ill-judged endeavors of Professor Greenleaf to establish the credit of the Gospels by "the rules of evidence administered in the courts of justice," he presents compactly in outline the historical argument for the authenticity of the Gospels, touches upon the present state of the controversy, and then proceeds to state and illustrate the great Swedenborgian doctrine of "Correspondence," in which he is a full believer.

"To entertain doubts," he says, "on these subjects [the genuineness and authenticity of the Gospels] is, to those who receive the doctrines of Swedenborg, simply impossible. The historical argument . . . they regard as sound and unanswerable. . . . But besides and beyond all this they believe that the Gospels, like the rest of the Word, were written strictly according to the science of Correspondence, and that they contain within the letter an *internal sense*, which bears the same relation to the external or literal sense that the soul does to the body.